



T H E
A M E R I C A N
M O R A L & S E N T I M E N T A L M A G A Z I N E .
O C T O B E R 9 , 1 7 9 7 .

The DANGER of an HONEST MAN in much Company.

IF twenty thousand naked *Americans* were not able to resist the assaults of but twenty well armed *Spaniards*, I see but little possibility for one honest man to defend himself against twenty thousand knaves, who are all furnished cap-a-pee with the defensive arms of worldly prudence, and the offensive too of craft and malice. He will find no less odds than this against him, if he have much to do in human affairs. The only advice therefore which I can give him, is, to be sure not to venture his person any longer in the open campaign, to retreat and entrench himself, to stop up all avenues, and draw up all bridges against so numerous an enemy. The truth of it is, that a man in much business must either make himself a knave or else the world will make him a fool; and if the injury went no farther than being laughed at, a wise man would content himself with the revenge of retaliation; but the case is much worse, for these civil cannibals too, as well as the wild ones, not only dance about such a taken stranger, but at last devour him. A sober man cannot get too soon out of drunken company; though they be ever so kind and merry among themselves, it is not unpleasant only, but dangerous to him. Do ye wonder that a virtuous man

V O L . I . F f should

should love to be alone? It is hard for him to be otherwise; he is so, when he is among ten thousand: neither is the solitude so uncomfortable to be alone without any other creature, as it is to be alone in the midst of wild beasts. Man is to man all kind of beasts, a fawning dog, a roaring lion, a thieving fox, a robbing wolf, a dissembling crocodile, a treacherous decoy, and a rapacious vulture. The civilest, methinks, of all nations, are those whom we account the most barbarous. There is some moderation and good nature in the *Toupinambaltians*, who eat no men but their enemies; whilst we learned, polite, and christian *Europeans*, like so many pikes and sharks, prey upon every thing that we can swallow. It is the great boast of eloquence and philosophy, that they first congregated men dispersed, united them into Societies, and built up the houses and the walls of cities. I wish they could unravel all they have woven; that we might have our woods and innocence again, instead of our castles and policies. They have assembled many thousands of scattered people into one body: it is true, they have done so, they have brought them together into cities to cozen, and into armies to murder one another. They have found them hunters and fishers of wild creatures, they have made them hunters and fishers of their brethren; they boast to have reduced them to a state of peace, when the truth is, they have only taught them the art of war. They have framed, I must confess, wholesome laws for the repeal of vice; but they raised first that devil which now they conjure and cannot bind. Though there were before no punishments for wickedness, yet there was less committed because there were no rewards for it. But the men who praise philosophy from this topic are much deceived. Let oratory answer for itself; the tinkling perhaps of that may unite a swarm. It never was the work of philosophy to assemble multitudes, but to regulate only, and govern them when they were assembled: to make the best of an evil, and bring them, as much as is possible, to unity again.

Avarice

Avarice and ambition only were the first builders of towns and founders of empire; they said, *Go to, let us build us a city and a tower whose top will reach unto Heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the Earth.* What was the beginning of *Rome*, the metropolis of all the world? What was it but a concourse of thieves, and a sanctuary of criminals? It was justly named by the augury of no less than twelve vultures; and the founder cemented his walls with the blood of his brother. Not unlike to this was the beginning of the first town in the world; and such is the original sin of most cities; they actually increase daily with their age and growth; the more people the more wicked all of them; every one brings in his part to inflame the contagion, which becomes at last so universal and so strong, that no precepts can be sufficient preservatives, nor any thing secure our safety, but flight from among the infected. We ought in the choice of a situation to regard above all things the healthfulness of the place, and the healthfulness of it for the mind rather than for the body. But suppose (which is hardly to be supposed) we had antidote enough against this poison; nay, suppose farther, we were always armed and provided against the assaults of hostility, and the mines of treachery, it will be but an uncomfortable life to be ever in alarms. Though we were compassed round with fire, to defend ourselves from wild beasts, the lodging would be unpleasant; because we must always be obliged to watch that fire, and to fear no less the defects of our guard, than diligence of our enemy. The sum of this is, that a virtuous man is in danger to be trod upon and destroyed in the croud of his contraries: nay, which is worse, to be changed and corrupted by them, and that it is hard to escape both these inconveniences, without so much caution, as will take away the whole quiet, that is the happiness of his life. Ye see then what he may lose. But, I pray, what can he get there? What should a man of truth and honesty do at *Rome*? He can neither understand nor speak the language of the place.

A naked

A naked man may swim in the sea, but it is not the way to catch fish there; they are likelier to devour him, than he them, if he bring no nets, and use no deceits.

Nay, if nothing of all this were in the case, yet the very sight of uncleanness is loathsome to the cleanly; the sight of folly and impiety vexatious to the wise and pious.

Lucretius, though a good poet, was but an ill-natured man, when he said it was delightful to see other men in a great storm; and no less ill-natured should I think *Democritus*, who laughed at all the world: but that he retired himself so much out of it, that we may perceive he took no great pleasure in that kind of mirth. I have been drawn twice or thrice by company to go to *Bedlam*; and have seen others very much delighted with the fantastical extravagancy of so many various madnesses, which upon me wrought so contrary an effect, that I always returned, not only melancholy but sick with the sight. My compassion there was perhaps too tender, for I met a thousand madmen abroad, without any perturbation; though to weigh the matter justly, the total loss of reason is less deplorable than the total depravation of it. An exact judge of human blessings, of riches, honour, beauty, even of wit itself, should pity the abuse of them more than the want.

Briefly, though a wise man could pass over so securely through the great road of human life; yet he will meet perpetually with so many objects and occasions of compassion, grief, shame, anger, hatred, indignation, and all passions but envy (for he will find nothing to deserve that) that he had better strike into some private path; nay, go so far, if he could, out of the common way, that he might not so much as hear of the Sons of Adam.

One would think that all mankind had bound themselves by an oath to do all the wickedness they can; that they had all sold themselves to sin; the difference only is, that
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some are a little more crafty in making the bargain. I imagined, when I went first to dwell in the country, that without doubt I should have met with the simplicity of the old poetical golden age: I thought to have found no inhabitants there, but such as the shepherds of Sir Philip Sydney in Arcadia; and began to consider with myself which way I might recommend no less to posterity the happiness and innocence of the men of Chertsea: but to confess the truth, I perceived quickly, by infallible demonstration, that I was still in old England, and not in Arcadia; that if I could not content myself with any thing less than exact fidelity in conversation I had almost as good go back and seek for it in the Court, or the Exchange, or Westminster-Hall. I ask then whither shall we fly, or what shall we do? The world may so come in a man's way, that he cannot chuse but salute it: he must take heed though, not to go a whoring after it. If by any lawful vocation, or just necessity, men happen to be married to it; I can only give them St. Paul's advice. *Brethren, the time is short, it remains that they that have wives be as though they had none. But I would that all men were even as I myself.*

In all cases, they must be sure that they do *Mundum ducere*, and not *Mundo nubere*. They must retain the superiority and headship over it: happy are they who can get out of the sight of this deceitful beauty, that they may not be led so much as into temptation; who have not only quitted the metropolis, but can abstain from ever seeing the next market town of their country.

The GRATEFUL TURK.

Concluded from page 221.

AT these words, the merchant without seeming much abashed, told him he was sorry he had offended him but that he thought freedom had been dearer to him than

than he found it was. However, added he, as he turned his back, you will reflect upon my proposals and perhaps by to-morrow you may change your mind. Hamet disdained to answer, and the merchant went his way.

The next day however, he returned in company with his son, and mildly accosted Hamet thus: The abruptness of the proposal I yesterday made you, might perhaps astonish you; but I am now come to discourse the matter more calmly with you, and I doubt not, when you have heard my reasons Christian, interrupted Hamet with a severe but composed countenance, cease at length to insult the miserable with proposals more shocking than even these chains. If thy religion permits such acts as those, know that they are execrable and abominable to the soul of every Mahometan: therefore from this moment let us break off all further intercourse, and be strangers to each other. No, answered the merchant, flinging himself into the arms of Hamet, let us from this moment be more closely linked than ever! Generous man, whose virtues may at once disarm and enlighten thy enemies! Fondness for my son first made me interested in thy fate; but from the moment that I saw thee yesterday, I determined to set thee free: therefore, pardon me this unnecessary trial of thy virtue, which has only raised thee higher in my esteem. Francisco has a soul which is averse to deeds of treachery and blood as even Hamet himself. From this moment, generous man, thou art free; thy ransom is already paid, with no other obligation than that of remembering the affection of this thy young and faithful friend; and perhaps, hereafter, when thou seest an unhappy Christian, groaning in Turkish fetters, thy generosity may make thee think of Venice.

It is impossible to describe the extacies or the gratitude of Hamet at this unexpected deliverance. I will
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not therefore attempt to repeat what he said to his benefactor : I will only add, that he was that day set free ; and Francisco embarked him on board a ship which was going to one of the Grecian islands, took leave of him with the greatest tenderness, and forced him to accept a purse of gold to pay his expences. Nor was it without the greatest regret that Hamet parted from his young friend, whose disinterested kindness had thus produced his freedom ; he embraced him with an agony of tenderness, wept over him at parting, and prayed for every blessing upon his head.

It was about six months after this transaction that a sudden fire burst forth in the house of this generous merchant. It was early in the morning, when sleep is the most profound, and none of the family perceived it till almost the whole building was involved in the flames. The frightened servants, had just time to waken the merchant and hurry him down stairs ; and the instant he was down, the stair-case itself gave way, and sunk with a horrid crash into the midst of the fire. But if Francisco congratulate himself for an instant upon his escape, it was only to resign himself immediately after to the most deep despair, when he found, upon enquiry, that his son, who slept in an upper apartment, had been neglected in the general tumult, and was yet amidst the flames. No words can describe the father's agony : he would have rushed headlong into the fire, but was restrained by his servants ; he then raved in an agony of grief, and offered half his fortune to the intrepid man that would risk his life to save his child. As Francisco was known to be immensely rich, several ladders were in an instant raised, and several daring spirits, excited by the vast reward, attempted the adventure. The violence of the flames, however, which burst forth at every window, together with the ruins that fell on every side, drove them all back ; and the

the unfortunate youth, who now appeared upon the battlements; stretching out his arms and imploring aid seemed to be destined to certain destruction. The unhappy father now lost all perception, and sunk down in a state of insensibility: when in the dreadful moment of general suspense and agony, a man rushed through the opening croud, mounted the tallest of the ladders, with an intrepidity that shewed he was resolved to succeed or perish, and instantly disappeared. A sudden gust of smoke and flame burst forth immediately after, which made the people imagine he was lost; when, on a sudden, they beheld him emerge again with the child in his arms, and descend the ladder without any material damage. An universal shout of applause now resounded to the skies; but what words can give an adequate idea of the father's feelings, when, upon recovering his senses, he found his darling miraculously preserved, and safe within his arms! After the first effusions of tenderness were over, he asked for his deliverer, and was shown a man of noble stature, but dressed in mean attire, and his features were so begrimed with smoke and filth, that it was impossible to distinguish them. Francisco, however, accosted him with courtesy, and presenting him with a purse of gold, begged he would accept of that for the present, and that the next day he should receive to the utmost of his promised reward. No, answered the stranger, generous merchant, I do not sell my blood. Gracious heaven! cried the merchant, sure I should know that voice!—It is—Yes, exclaimed the son, throwing himself into the arms of his deliverer, it is my Hamet! It was indeed Hamet who stood before them in the same mean attire which he had worn six months before, when first the generosity of the merchant had redeemed him from slavery. Nothing could equal the astonishment and gratitude of Francisco; but as they were then surrounded by a large concourse of people, he
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desired Hamet to go with him to one of his friends, and when they were alone he embraced him tenderly, and asked by what extraordinary chance he had thus been enslaved a second time; adding a kind reproach for his not informing him of his captivity. I bless God for that captivity, answered Hamet, since it has given me an opportunity of showing that I was not altogether undeserving of your kindness, and of preserving the life of that dear youth, that I value a thousand times beyond my own. But it is now fit that my generous patron should be informed of the whole truth. Know then that when the unfortunate Hamet was taken by your galleys, his aged father shared his captivity: it was his fate that so often made me shed those tears which first attracted the notice of your son; and when your unexampled bounty had set me free, I flew to find the Christian that had purchased him. I represented to him that I was young and vigorous, while he was aged and infirm; I added too the gold which I had received from your bounty: in a word, I prevailed upon the Christian to send back my father in that ship which was intended for me, without acquainting him with the means of his freedom---since that time I have staid here to discharge the debt of nature and gratitude, a willing slave.

THOMAS'S ACCOUNT OF THE HINDOOS.

THERE are four Shasters, or laws, among the Hindoos, they call the Vedas; these they hold in the highest esteem. There are eighteen sacred books called Poorans, which are commentaries on the Vedas: it is the custom of all the Brahmans, to learn a great part of these by heart, and they are very apt in quoting portions of them in conversation. Notwithstanding they hold

hold their sacred Books in the most profound reverence yet they will hear the divine authority of them questioned, with patience and moderation, at all times, and in all places. Some of these books hold up for their veneration characters, which are very profligate, and contain strange doctrines evidently of an infernal origin, which have a dreadful effect on their minds and manners. They abound moreover, with such contradictions (though on the other hand with very good moral precepts,) that I am sure it is no difficult thing to convince the more intelligent persons amongst them, that they are not of divine authority: and I am persuaded there are some to be found among them, who think there is no revelation from God yet, because they see in all these books, some things incompatible with their notion of God. That there is one great God, Omnipotent, Omnipresent, and Omniscient; that he is to be worshiped and served; that the soul is immortal; that we have all sinned; and that some anointment is necessary; are truths commonly believed among them all; and add to these things, the divine predictions we have of the latter day, with the encouragements of Jehovah, to declare his glory among the Heathens; and I think one might find reason enough to go and preach to them: For I can truly say, wherever I have been conversing or preaching among them, I have invariably found them willing to hear, and that they always behave with great decency and respect. I trust also that the door of faith is open to the Hindoos, by the conversion of two or more Hindoos, and by many other striking effects, which, though short of real conversion, may, in the Lord's own time, prove a great blessing to many.

Boshoo, the Munthee, (or Teacher) one of the converts, is about 35 years of age, and a person of more than ordinary capacity; he has been well educated in
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the Persian language. I have employed him in the office of my Munsee, or Teacher, all the time I have been in Bengal. He often disputes with and confounds the Brahmans, both learned and unlearned, though he is not a Brahman himself, but of the writer Cast; [Order or tribe.] This man has a considerable degree of knowledge and gifts and I hope they will one day shine forth to the good of many. I should have baptized him, but his relations refused to give him his wife and children. He will accomplish his wishes, I hope, before I return, and then his family will be numbered with the stated hearers. The greatest difficulty in spreading of the gospel in Bengal, arises from the Cast: for all who are baptized, and partake of bread and wine with us, will lose Cast; and when a man has lost Cast, his most intimate friends and nearest relations will forsake him for ever. He cannot possibly be restored again by any means; and the meanest Hindoo from that time, refuses to eat, drink, or converse with him; he becomes an outcast and a vagabond in their eyes, in the most strict sense. But when the way is once opened, the difficulty will gradually diminish, and, if they walk according to the gospel, they will become a Cast of themselves, and that an honorable one too.

Many have left off their idolatry, flower offerings, and vain superstitions, and are in the habit of reading the Bible as the word of God, and the only book that discovers, to their satisfaction, the way of salvation. They have Matthew, Mark, James, some part of Genesis and the Psalms, with different parts of the prophecies, in Bengalee manuscript: three or four of them have all the above, and some only a single part, which they lend to one another and copy.

Mohun Chund is a Brahman of some repute, and has a vast number of disciples, who prostrate themselves at his

his feet wherever they meet him : he lives about six miles from Malda. He came to hear me in the croud, and was easily distinguished from the rest, by his fixed attention and regular attendance. One day, after I had been discoursing about prayer, he very gravely asked me, " Sir, when a man prays " to God, how many days is it before he gets an answer ?" I repeated the account of the woman of Canaan, and other different cases : he continued to attend, converse, and write, on the things of the Gospel, and seemed at length convinced that he was a great sinner before God ; that there was no refuge for him among all their shasters ; and that the Gospel alone was of God, discovering the way of salvation. He continually came to see me, and was reckoned by his people a convert to christianity, for he refused the worship and ceremony of the Hindoos, to his own temporal loss, and forbade that homage which had long been superstitiously paid him from the people. He often talked publicly with great persuasion, to other Brahmans, in favor of the Bible.

On the 28th of June 1790, Mohund Chund had been to pay me a visit, and returning to his own home, he found there Parbotee, a Brahman, who called to see him. Parbotee is a man of title, and of a more high and honorable rank than Mohund Chund. He was also a very strict observer of the Hindoo laws and customs, daily rising early in the morning, and repairing to the distant woods to gather curious flowers, superstitiously valued amongst them, and these he offered, with abundant forms, in the river Mahanuddle which was near ; and repaired, at particular seasons, to their more sacred river the Ganges, which they say cleanses from sin. There was not his equal, in all the neighbourhood, for zeal and accuracy ; a thorough devotee. This man having heard of our new Shaster, the Bible, was not a little displeased : and when he understood

stood that the other Brahman who came in, had been to see me, he enquired of him to go and wash his clothes for he must be defiled, for he had been in the company of an Englishman: and so it is the common customs of all religious orders among them, to go out of the company of an Englishman or Mahometan, into the river, and immerse their bodies, with their clothes on. To induce him to go and wash his clothes, Parbotee urged that I was of the Maleech, viz. unclean if not filthy. Mohund Chund replied that filthy men did filthy deeds, whereas he could never say so of this Englishman, and he would not go and wash his clothes. The other continued to insist upon it, and finding his injunction was not honored, he proceeded to do a thing which will appear trivial to you, but it is a very formidable action among them.

It is the custom of the country to smoke very much; and their tobacco is made up into a paste, which they place on one side of a copper plate, and coals of fire on the other side; the tobacco being lighted, they then put it on the upper extremity of a tube, and the lower extremity runs down into a vessel containing cold water. The smoke is drawn through the water by means of another flexible tube, which is the pipe, and is generally about twelve feet long. When Brahmans, or others of equal cast, meet together, it is a constant mark of friendship for the man of the house to offer his Hookah to his visitor, and it is passed on from one to the other. But when the Brahman in question gave the Hookah to Parbotee, he emptied the water out of it: this action is a kind of formal disgrace among them, and proves a forerunner to that which is worse than death, viz. losing Cast. Such a proceeding, before witnesses, could not fail of drawing the attention of many, to the great dishonor of Mohund Chund: so he
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left the company, and went and poured out his complaint to God in prayer. The day was far gone, he returned no more to his company but retired with his family to rest. About two in the morning, he was called up by Parbotee, with vehement cries; on opening the door, he found him in great agitation, and, to his inexpressible surprize, Parbotee desired to hear the Gospel, and that Mohund Chund would pray for him: he took him to the house of Boshoo the teacher, there they spent their time till day-light in reading, praying, and singing. But matters were not yet explained: they observed he did not go to his usual ceremonies, but returned to Boshoo's house in great trouble of mind, about noon, making his former requests, and, on their repeated enquiry, he related to them a very remarkable dream, in which I have no doubt but he received divine admonition and instruction. The effects of it were visible on his body and mind for many days. I found it very difficult to administer any consolation to him, but he continued daily to hear the Gospel, and began to join the rest in singing and praying; and professed to believe that the Bible was the only word of God, and Jesus Christ the only Saviour. When I left Bengal, he continued to walk in a becoming manner, and gave me great satisfaction. I cannot pass by one remarkable circumstance, Boshoo, Parbotee, Mohund Chund, and myself, were on the river, going a journey of 230 miles; and we had a prayer meeting on setting out, Mohund Chund and Boshoo, having made their intercession, I called upon Parbotee, whom I had never before heard; and though the Munthee's prayer was more judicious and orderly, yet that of Parbotee, both in manner and matter, was at that time inexpressibly sweet to my spirit.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ON

ON COURAGE

TRUE courage has a two-fold virtue in it. First it disregards the dangers and damage that threatens itself; and secondly, it has the virtue of extending its powers to the support of the weak, the defence of the assaulted, the vindication of the injured, and the suppression and castigation of the spoiler and the oppressor. While courage is thus employed, it is benevolent, it is beneficent, it is justly, it is exaltedly respectable and amiable. But when a spurious and false appearance of the quality called courage, through motives of ambition or desire of applause, or any other incitements merely personal and selfish, exerts its power in a manner seemingly worthy of praise, it yet loses the whole nature, and ought to forfeit the name of virtue and wants nothing save to have these motives detected, to become detestable in the eyes of mankind.

Few things have occasioned so great a variety of clashing opinions, or have had so wide an influence on the tempers, the morals, and the customs of mankind, as the sentiments entertained respecting this quality called courage.

The world, who has been a blockhead from the beginning, and is not likely to grow a whit wiser to the end, the world, I say, has almost universally, held courage to consist in action and prowess; in the wrathfulness and death dealing hand of an *Achilles*; or in the kindling spirit of those, who will not bear the smallest insult, who will break through all the bands of friendship and humanity, rather than allow the slightest word or look of imagined disrespect to pass unrevenge. Wherefore as truth and nature lie buried under such an accumulation of customs and prejudices, it will be necessary to set up such criterions and land-marks, as shall prevent us from straying in our disquisition and search after this so highly respected virtue.

All

All are agreed in their ideas of this proposition, that courage and fear are in their natures incompatible ; that wherever courage is, so far as it prevails, it casts aside fear ; and wherever fear is, so far as it prevails, it casts aside courage.

Now, one of the greatest symptoms of fear, is anger ; for what should provoke us to anger for that from which we have nothing to apprehend ? I once saw a huge mastiff walking peaceably through a country village, when a little wretch of a cur, rushed from one of the hamlets and made a furious assault ; he sprung up toward the throat of the patient creature ; but not being able to reach it, he exercised his inveteracy in biting at his heels. The noble brute, being thus teased and pestered by his despicable adversary, set a monstrous fore-paw upon him and pressed him to the earth, while lifting a hind leg, he poured upon the little brute the lowliest mark of contempt, and then permitted the impotent animal to rise, who ran all dismayed and yelping away. I question if this prince of dogs, in all his conquests and engagements with his equals in combat, had ever given so incontestable a proof of his courage as he did at this period.

The said little anecdote may serve to illustrate another just observation, that cowards are cruel, but that the brave delight in forbearance and mercy. The reason of this is founded deeply in nature.

Cowardice has no concern or interest in any thing save *self*, provided that self is safe and unhurt, it cares not what calamities may fall or be poured upon the rest of mankind. When it feels an apprehension of danger however distant, it conceives an implacable hatred against the point or party from whence the danger may proceed : wrath and revenge anticipate the dreaded damage in its bosom ; and it is studious and solicitous by all, by any means, however treacherous or deadly, to prevent the nearer approach of the evil apprehended.

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The man who purposely and deliberately, thirsts after the blood and life of his fellow, is possessed by as dark and inhuman a demon, as he who dwelt among the tombs. But duellists are not wholly of this malignant nature; it is not cruelty but cowardice, that compels them to engage. The world dispassionately halloos them at each other, as it would set mastiffs or game cocks at variance for the diversion of the spectators. It says to these combatants "For shame Gentlemen, be just to your own honor; respect yourselves above God and mankind! 'tis better to bleed, to perish, than to live with reproach." And thus frequently without resentment or ill-will to their opponents men plunge their reluctant weapons into each other, being scared and impelled thereto by the spectre called censure which they dread even worse than death, or futurity.

Courage may well be supported in time of action; or contest, it has not leisure to sink or drop during an agitation of spirits. But when these supports are removed, when calamity or death comes to meet us in all the silent apparatus and black form of impending destruction, the courage that can give it an undismayed and calm welcome must be from above.

The most indubitable, the most divine species of courage subsists in *patience*, when the soul is divested and stripped of all external assistances; when the assaults are all on one side, and no kind of action offensive or defensive are admitted on the other, to maintain the flame of life, or support failing existence, but where all the concerns of self are submitted without reluctance, to the worst extremes, to all that the world can inflict, or that time can bring to pass. Such a *Patience* opens the gates of the soul upon eternity, and lends it wings to issue forth in beatified benevolence upon God and all his creatures.

Agreeable to this, the *Captain of our salvation* was endued with a patience, and consequently with a courage, infinitely surpassing all that can be imagined of the spirit and heroism of renowned antiquity. Earth and hell had united their utmost efforts against him, his disappointed countrymen knashed at him with their teeth; they and their forefathers had looked for a temporal *Messiah*, who should deliver them from subjection, and constitute them Lords, rulers and princes of the earth. But when this their true and all gracious *Messiah* declared that he came to invite them to a better kingdom of peace, and that his dominion was not of this world; they could set no limits to their inveteracy and madness of their rage, which was farther inflamed by all the powers of darkness against this their only formidable foe.

Wherefore, they took, bound, scourged, buffeted, reviled, mocked, spurned, and spit upon him; they pierced through, and rent in sunder, the fibred feeling seats of the most exquisite sensations, and while he cried, "*Father forgive them they know not what they do!*" They lifted his agonizing body on high, that all might deride and make sport of his anguish; till being nearly all a wound, and every suffering inflicted and expended upon him, by tortures the most poignant, most bitter and excruciating, that humanity, on this side death, could sustain, he bowed his sacred head, triumphantly cried "*It is finished;*" and issued forth in warm and boundless benevolence to the salvation which he had purchased, through his love—transcending love, for the universal benefit of mankind.

THE WELCH INDIANS.

No. III.

[Continued from page 216.]

I HAVE bestowed some attention upon the same subject; but it is possible I am possessed of very little relating to it that

that is new to you. I have seen several letters from a respectable inhabitant of Kentucky, from some passages of which I could not help concluding, that Madawg and his attendants must have landed somewhere on the shores of Florida, Georgia, or one of the Carolinas, and from thence passed by degrees to Kentucky; and afterwards westward, accross the Mississippi, till they finally settled in that country which they now inhabit. In one of the above mentioned letters I find the following passage:

“You request an account of the Welch Indians. Such a people I believe there is far to the westward of us, on the Missouri river, the main branch of the Mississippi. I have some authentic accounts of such a people, called the white Panes, or bearded Indians. Indeed the discoveries made among us, by abundance of nice earthen ware, &c. &c. often ploughed in some of our fields, indicate that our country, heretofore has been settled by whites. But of late, Sir, a report has prevailed; that a number of our people, exploring that part of the country, came to a different tribe, and could not talk with them. They came back with our people to some others they had at camp. A Welchman, that was in camp, could talk with them; but they exceeded him as not being so corrupt in their language.

It has been reported that missionaries were to be sent, if they could be got, to see if it was them.

I must not forget to tell you, that I am in possession of a curious letter, from a Mr. Crochan to the late Governor Dinwiddie, on this same subject. The original is deposited in one of the public offices: and a copy of it was some time ago procured by Maurice Morgan, Esq. late Secretary to Sir Guy Carleton, and is as follows?

“LAST year I understood, by Col. Lomax, that your Honor would be glad to have some information of a nation
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of people settled to the west, on a large river that runs to the Pacific Ocean, *commonly called the Welch Indians*. As I had an opportunity of gathering some account of those people, I make bold, at the instance of Col. Cressup, to send you the following accounts. As I formerly had an opportunity of being acquainted with several French traders, and particularly with one that was bred up from his infancy amongst the Western Indians, on the west side of the lake Erie, he informed me, that the first intelligence the French had of them was by some Indians settled at the back of New Spain; who, in their way home, happened to lose themselves, and fell down on this settlement of people, which they took to be French, by their talking very quick: so, on their return to Canada, they informed the Governor, that there was a large settlement of French on a river that ran to the Sun's setting; that they were no Indians, although they lived within themselves, as Indians; for they could not perceive that they traded with any people, or had any trade to sea, for they had no boats or ships as they could see; and though they had guns amongst them, yet they were so old and so much out of order, that they made no use of them but hunted with their bows and arrows for the support of their families.

On this account, the Governor of Canada determined to send a party to discover whether they were French or not; and had 300 men raised for that purpose. But when they were ready to go, the Indians would not go with them, but told the Governor if he sent but a few men, they would go and shew them the country: on which the Governor sent three young priests, who dressed themselves in Indian dresses, and went with those Indians to the place where these people were settled, and found them to be Welch. They brought some old *Welch Bibles* to satisfy the Governor that they were there; and they told the governor that these people had a great aversion to the French; for they found by them, that they had been at first settled at the mouth of the river Mississipi
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but had been almost cut off by the French there. So that a small remnant of them escaped back to where they were then settled, but had since become a numerous people. The Governor of Canada, on this account, determined to raise an army of French Indians to go and cut them off; but as the French have been embarrassed in war with several other nations nearer home, I believe they have laid that project aside. —The man who furnished me with this account told me, that the messengers, who went to make this discovery, were gone sixteen months before they returned to Canada, so that those people must live at a great distance from thence due west. This is the most particular account I ever could get from those people as yet. I am Your's &c.

GEORGE CHROCHAN.

N. B. Governor Dinwiddie agreed with three or four of the black traders to go in quest of the welch Indians, and promised to give them five hundred pounds for that purpose; but he was recalled before they could set out for that expedition.

An Account of the Sufferings of Lieut. GEORGE SPEARING, who lived seven Nights in a COAL-PIT without any Sustenance except some Rain-water.

ON Wednesday, Sept. 13, 1769, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, I went into a little wood called Northwoodside (situated between two and three miles to the N. W. of Glasgow) with a design to gather a few hazelnuts. I think I could not have been in the wood more than a quarter of an hour, nor have gathered more than ten nuts before I unfortunately fell into an old Coal-pit, exactly seventeen yards deep, which had been made through a solid rock. I was some little time insensible. Upon recovering my recollection

collection, I found myself sitting (nearly as a taylor does at his work,) the blood flowing pretty fast from my mouth; and I thought that I had broken a blood-vessel, and consequently had not long to live; but to my great comfort, I soon discovered that the blood proceeded from a wound in my tongue, which I supposed I had bitten in my fall. Looking at my watch (it was ten minutes past four), and getting up, I surveyed my limbs, and to my inexpressible joy found that not one was broken. I was soon reconciled to my situation, having from my childhood thought that something very extraordinary was to happen to me in the course of my life; and I had not the least doubt of being relieved in the morning; for, the wood being but small, and situated near a populous city, it is much frequented, especially in the nutting season, and there are several foot paths leading through it.

Night now approached, when it began to rain, not in gentle showers, but in torrents of water, such as is generally experienced at the autumnal equinox. The pit I had fallen into was about five feet in diameter; but not having been worked for several years, the subterranean passages were choked up, so that I was exposed to the rain, which continued, with very small intermissions, till the day of my release; and indeed, in a very short time, I was compleatly wet through. In this comfortless condition I endeavored to take some repose. A forked stick that I found in the pit, and which I placed diagonally to the side of it, served alternately to support my head as a pillow, or my body occasionally, which was much bruised; but in the whole time I remained here, I do not think that I ever slept one hour together. Having passed a very disagreeable and tedious night, I was somewhat cheered with the appearance of daylight, and the melody of a robin-redbreast that had perched directly over the mouth of the pit; and this pretty little warbler continued to visit my quarters every morning during my confinement; which

which I construed into a happy omen of my future deliverance; and I sincerely believe the trust I had in Providence, and the company of this little bird, contributed much to that serenity of mind I constantly enjoyed to the last. At the distance of about a hundred yards, in a direct line from the pit, there was a water-mill. The miller's house was nearer to me, and the road to the mill was still nearer. I could frequently hear the horses going this road to and from the mill; frequently I heard human voices; and I could distinctly hear the ducks and hens about the mill. I made the best use of my voice on every occasion; but it was to no manner of purpose; for, the wind, which was constantly high, blew in a line from the mill to the pit, which easily accounts for what I heard; and, at the same time, my voice was carried the contrary way. I cannot say I suffered much from hunger. After two or three days that appetite ceased; but my thirst was intolerable; and though it almost constantly rained, yet I could not till the third or fourth day preserve a drop of it, as the earth at the bottom, sucked it up as fast as it ran down. In this distress I sucked my cloathes; but from them I could extract but little moisture. The shock I received in the fall, together with the dislocation of one of my ribs, kept me, I imagine, in a continual fever; I cannot otherwise account for my suffering so much more from thirst than I did from hunger. At last I discovered the thigh bone of a bull (which, I afterwards heard, had fallen into the pit about eighteen years before me,) almost covered with the earth. I dug it up; and the large end of it left a cavity that, I suppose, might contain a quart. This the water gradually drained into, but so very slowly that it was a considerable time before I could dip a nut-shell full at a time; which I emptied into the palm of my hand, and so drank it. I enlarged my reservoir, in so much that on the 4th or 5th day; I had a sufficient supply, and this water was certainly the preservation of my life.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Curious method of terminating Quarrels.

ON the 16th of April we anchored in the mouth of the port of Yambo. In the castle are 200 Janissaries. The inhabitants of Yambo are deservedly reckoned the most barbarous of any upon the Red Sea, and the Janissaries keep pace with them, in every kind of malice and violence. We did not go ashore all that day because we heard a number of shots, and had received intelligence from shore, that the Janissaries and town's people, for a week, had been fighting together. In the evening the captain of the port came on board, and brought two Janissaries with him; I asked him how many had been killed in the eight days they had been engaged? They answered, with some indifference, not many, about a hundred every day, or a few less or more, chiefly Arabs. We heard afterwards, when we came on shore, one only had been wounded, and that a soldier, by a fall from his horse. Soon after they went we heard a great firing, and saw lights all over the town. At night the firing had abated, and the captain of the port came again on board, with three officers, servants to the two Agas, or Governors of the town. They said they had orders from their masters to bid me welcome, and attend me on shore whenever I pleased. I told them I did not think it consistent with ordinary prudence, to risk myself at ten o'clock in a town so full of disturbance as Yambo appeared to have been for some time, and where so little regard was paid to discipline or command, as to fight with one another. They said that was true, and I might do as I pleased; but the firing I heard did not proceed from fighting, but from rejoicing upon making peace.

In short, we found, that, upon some discussion, the garrison and townsmen had been fighting for several days, in which disorders, the greatest part of the ammunition in the town had been expended, but it had since been agreed on, by

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the old men of both parties, that no body had been to blame on either side, but the whole wrong was the work of a *Camel*. A *Camel*, therefore, was seized, and brought without the town, and there a number of both sides having met, they upbraided the *camel* with every thing that had been said or done. The *camel* had killed men, *he* had threatened to set the town on fire, and to burn the Aga's house, and the castle; *he* had cursed the Grand Signior, and the Sheriffe of Mecca, the sovereigns of the two parties; and, the only thing the poor animal was interested in, *he* had threatened to destroy the wheat that was going to Mecca. After having spent great part of the afternoon in upbraiding the *camel*, whose measure of iniquity, it seems, was near full, each man thrust him through with a lance, devoting him *Diis manibus & Diris*, by a kind of prayer, and with a thousand curses upon his head. After which every man retired, fully satisfied as to the wrongs he had received from the *camel*. The reader will easily observe in this, some traces of the azazel, or scape-goat of the Jews, which was turned out into the wilderness, loaded with the sins of the people. (Lev. xxi. 5.)

DESCRIPTION of the GROTTO of ANTIPARAS.

Concluded from page 214.

WHEN we had passed these about twenty yards, we came to the brink of another terrible precipice: this our guides assured us was the last; and there being a very good ladder to get down by, we readily ventured. At the bottom of this, we went for some way on plain even ground; but after about forty yards walking were presented by our guides with our ropes again, which we fastened about our middles, not to be swung down by, but only for fear of danger, as there are lakes and deep waters all the way from hence to the left hand.

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With this caution however, we entered the last Alley, and horrid work it was, indeed, to get through it; all was perfectly dismal here; the sides, and roof of the Passage were of black stone; and the rocks in our way were in some places so steep, that we were forced to lye on our backs, and slide down, and so rough that they cut our cloathes and bruised us miserably in passing. Over our heads hung black rocks, apparently ready every moment to fall and crush us to atoms; and on our left hand the light of the torches continually shewed us the surface of dirty miserable looking lakes of water.

I had heartily repented my expedition before; but here, I assure you, I gave myself over for lost, heartily cursing all the travellers who had written of this place, that they had described it so as to tempt people to see it; and never told us of the horrors that lay in the way. In the midst of all these reflections, and in the very dismallest part of all the cavern, on a sudden we had lost four of our guides. What was my terror on this sight! The place was a thousand times darker, and more terrible for want of their torches; and I expected no other, but every moment to follow them into some of those lakes, into which I doubted not but they had fallen.

The two remaining guides said all they could to cheer us; and told us we should see the other four again soon; and that we were very near the end of our journey. I don't know what effect this had on my companions; but I assure you I believed no part of the speech but the last, which I expected every moment to find fulfilled in some pond or precipice. Our passage was by this time become very narrow, and we were obliged to crawl on all-fours over rugged rocks; when in an instant, in the midst of these terrible apprehensions, I heard a little hissing noise, and found myself in utter and not to be described darkness.

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Our guides called out cheerfully, that they had accidentally dropt their torches into a puddle of water; but we should come to the other guides, when they would light them again; and there was no danger, for we had nothing to do, but to crawl straight forward. I was amazed at the courage of these people, who I thought were in a place where four of them had already perished, and from whence we could never escape. I determined to lie down and die where I was. Words cannot describe the extreme horror and darkness of the place.

One of our guides however, perceiving I did not advance came up to me, and clapping his hand firmly over my eyes, dragged me a few paces forward. While I was in this strange condition, expecting death every moment, and trembling to think what my guide meant by this rough proceeding, he lifted me at once over a great stone, set me on my feet, and took his hand from before my eyes. What words can describe my astonishment and transport! Instead of darkness and despair, all was splendor and magnificence before me, our guides were all round us, the place was illuminated by fifty torches, and the guides welcomed us into the Grotto of Antiparas,

The four that were missing, I now found, had only given us the slip, to get the torches lighted up before we came, and the other two had put out their lights on purpose, to make us enter out of utter darkness into this pavilion of splendor and glory.

The people told us the depth of this place, was four hundred and eighty-five yards. The Grotto is a Cavern of a hundred and twenty yards wide, and an hundred and thirteen long, and seems about sixty yards high, in most places. These measures differ something from the accounts travellers in general give us, but you may de-
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pend on their being exact, for I took them with my own hand. Imagine an immense arch like this covered almost all over with fine white cristallized marble, and illuminated with fifty-six torches; and you will have some faint idea of the place, which I had the pleasure to spend three hours in.

This is but a faint description of its beauties. The roof, which is a fine vaulted arch, is hung all over with Icicles of white shining marble; some of them ten feet long, and as thick at the root as a persons middle. Among these there hung a thousand festoons of leaves and flowers of the same substance; but so very glittering, that there is no bearing to look up at them. The sides of the arch are planted with seeming trees of the same white marble, rising in rows one above another; and often enclosing the point of the Icicles. From these trees there also hang festoons, tied as it were, one to another, in vast quantities; and in some places there seemed rivers of marble winding through them.

All these things are formed in a long course of years, by the dropping of water, and really look like trees and brooks turned to marble! The floor we trod on was rough and uneven with crystal of all colours growing irregularly out of it, red, blue, green and some of a pale yellow. These are shaped like pieces of salt-petre; but so hard that they cut our shoes. I have brought several of these of all colours home. Among them, here and there are placed Icicles, of the same shining white marble with those above; and seemed to have fallen from the roof and fixed there, only the big end of these is to the floor. To these our guides had tied torches, two and three to a pillar. You may suppose what a glare of splendor, and beauty, must be the effect of this illumination, among such rocks and columns of marble!

Round

Round the lower side of the arch, are white masses of marble, in the shape of oak trees. Mr. Tournefort called them coily-flowers, but I should as soon have compared them to toad-stools. They are large enough to enclose, in many places, a piece of ground big enough for a bed chamber. One of these chambers has a curtain whiter than sattin, of the same marble stretched all over the front of it. In this we all cut our names, and the date of the year, as a great many people had done before us. In a course of years, the stone blisters out like this white marble all over the letters. Mr. Tournefort thinks the rock grows like oak or apple-trees, for this reason; but I remember, I saw some of the finest cockle and muscle shells, in the rock thereabouts, that I ever saw in my life: I wonder whether he thinks they grow there too: besides if the rock grows so fast, the cavern ought to be all grown up by this time: and yet according to his measure and mine, it seems to be larger since. I will not spoil the description by an account of our journey up again, which you will easily imagine was disagreeable enough.

A Narrative of the inhuman Treatment of Captain RICHARD CHASE in the EAST INDIES, in a Letter to his Mother.

Most honoured Madam,

ON the 10th of September, 1780, our small force, in number about two thousand five hundred fighting men, were surrounded by an army of Hyder Ali Cawn, of one hundred thousand. The great superiority of numbers, after some hours conflict, got the better; and the party became a sacrifice to a barbarous enemy, who refused quarter to every soul that asked it. The troops being totally defeated, near forty thousand horse indulged their savage cruelty, by
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butchering every body who fell in their way. I endeavoured to seek protection of a head-man, who I thought had humanity painted in his countenance, but I found I was a very bad Physiognomist; for instead of mercy, which I implored, he took my sword from me, and then struck a most violent blow at my head, which I perceiving, received it on my right wrist. He gave me four before I fell down; but be not alarmed, my dear mother; these four have proved of no great consequence, only carrying the scars of this savage to my grave.

How long I remained on the ground is not easy for me to say; however, I found I had been stript of my shirt and small cloaths; and have since heard of my brother Officers, that in about two hours after the engagement, Hyder Ali, (I suppose by the advice of the French Officers in his camp) gave out a general order, that if any were left alive in the field of battle, they should be brought before him. I was one of that fortunate number, as it has since proved, and was led, or rather drove, like a sheep to the slaughter, to Hyder's camp, nine miles distant. The loss of blood I had sustained, the want of food to support nature, no cloaths to keep off the heat of the sun; all these were too much. I frequently fainted before I reached the spot, and thought myself the most unfortunate of men in having life prolonged, which foretold nothing but a scene of misery and sorrow. From eleven in the morning till six in the evening, I was conducted by this banditti, who frequently beat me, and otherwise inhumanly treated me, because I did not walk faster; which was out of my power to do, having all my toe-nails trodden off by the horses, while I was lying on the ground.

(To be Continued.)

FOR MONDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1797. 255

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE WISH, By Mrs. E. B.

SHOULD God indulgent now, but grant
My wish, and fill up every want;
Speak as to Solomon from Heav'n;
"Ask what thou wilt it shall be giv'n."

Say O my soul what would'st thou have?
Look round upon the rich and brave;
Examine well; look round again,
Nor throw thy wish away in vain.

Behold! what beauteous scenes arise,
Of rich, and fair, of great and wise!
"Sure here's enough," would reason say,
Thy wish need not be thrown away.

Or, if thou would'st be more than great,
In annals fam'd for wisdom's seat;
For riches, power, and for all,
The product of this earthly ball.

See Solomon amidst his train,
Favor'd of God, admir'd by man;
Earth at his feet her treasures pours,
Nor war disturbs his peaceful hours.

Around him waiting pleasures press
Prevent his call, and croud to please;
A pattern he of happiness,
Say wouldst thou now all this possess?

Ah, no! vexatious all and vain,
Deceitful pleasures gilded pain,
He who had all these at his call,
Wrote VANITY upon them all.

Nor gilded roofs, nor regal state,
Nor all that can be fancied great,
Or wise, as fam'd, my soul desires,
For higher still my wish aspires.

Too mean are all earth-born delights,
Pure heav'nly joys my soul invites;
And asks, while prison'd in this clod
A nearer union with my GOD.

That every moment I might feel,
His love and know I do his will ;
Might feel no slackness on my part,
But praise flow constant from my heart.

I ask no portion here below, —
Content with what my God bestow ; —
But should I ask ; I say'd would be
From Riches, sin, and poverty.

A middle state I'd choose, where free
From want, or popularity,
In frugal neatness I would live,
Possessing more than earth can give.

No airy visitants intrude,
My happy blissful solitude,
Whose trifling chat would pain my heart,
And leave me wounded when they part.

Few, and select my friends should be,
Dear to my JESUS, and to me,
Whose holy converse still should prove,
A furtherance to my faith and love.

But join'd in holy friendship one,
I like my LORD, would have my JOHN ;
My chosen friend, my other part,
And near my JESUS in my heart.

Whose vig'lant and impartial love,
Should mark my faults, and then reprove,
Should all my griefs and comforts share,
One heart, one mind, and one in pray'r.

His love unchangeable and free,
Faithful and true to God and me ;
A friend in every state the same,
And worthy of that SACRED name.

Thus happy in my God and friend,
I'd wait 'till life's short journey end ;
Then with my friends above appear
To have my wish compleated there.